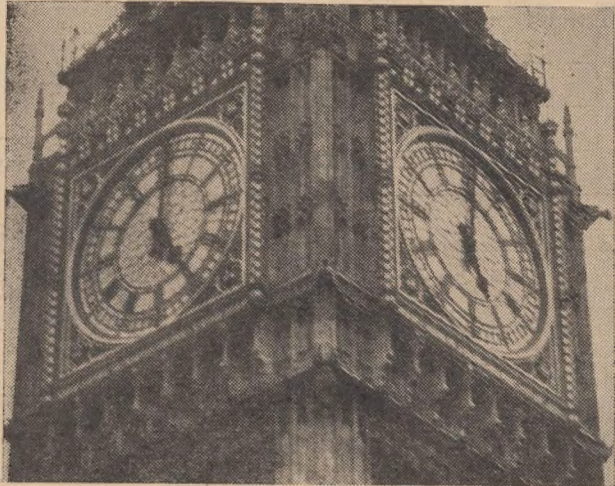


Good Morning 358

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)



"Century has not spoiled Message"

PERHAPS the most popular performer on the General Forces programme is the one that does the same "turn" at the same hours every day—Big Ben.

The ponderous chimes of this great clock are a real link between millions of Britons all over the world and Home. In London itself comparatively few people hear the chimes, for except at night their sound is drowned by the traffic noises.

But in Italy, India, Africa, Australia, everywhere that the B.B.C. programmes are received, Big Ben is heard clearly, and, paradoxically, before it is heard in London! The speed of radio is so much greater than that of sound that the chimes sound on a loud speaker in Burma a fraction of a second before they are heard a mile from the Houses of Parliament!

Big Ben is nearly one hundred years old. It was exactly a century ago that Parliament commissioned Charles Barry, the architect of the new Houses of Parliament, to erect a clock in the tower. Barry asked the famous clock-maker Vulliamy to prepare a design. It was to be the "perfect clock," correct to one second a day, and yet able to withstand the considerable forces of the weather at a great height.

Many experts argued that such a clock was "impossible," and there was a delay of years while the matter was discussed.

Then Edmund Beckett Denison came forward with a design, and work on the construction was begun in 1842. It was constructed by E. J. Dent, and finished two years later. For four years the mechanism was tested.

It was proposed that the hour bell should be a fourteen-tonner, a bigger bell than had

ever been cast in England. Only after some delay was it cast at Stockton. The bell had an adventurous life.

It was too large for any railway wagon, and was brought to London on a ship that nearly sank in a storm.

Then when the bell was struck it did not respond properly, and the weight of the hammer was increased, until at last the bell was cracked! The bell was re-cast in the famous Whitechapel foundry.

When at last everything was installed the clock would not go! The trouble was traced to the great hands, which were too heavy. New hands of an alloy lighter than iron were made. The clock started on the last day of May, 1849.

Although Big Ben had such a painful birth, it has given very little trouble since, especially if we remember its great size and the force the wind exerts against its twenty-two foot dials.

Its record of accuracy is astonishing. When some 300 tests were made not long ago, the clock was found to be within half a second of Greenwich time on all but 21 occasions, when the error was between half and one second.

Parliament votes a small sum of just over £100 for winding and regulating it. M.P.s used sometimes to complain that it was hardly fair on taxpayers out of London who never heard the clock to make them pay for its upkeep.

They cannot make the same complaint to-day, for Big Ben is heard about 45 times a day in various wireless transmissions by many millions of people.

One of the oddities of this clock is the method of correcting any tendency to go fast or slow. Halfway up the pendulum is a small tray.

The addition or removal of a penny or halfpenny from this tray is all that is required to regulate the gigantic mechanism! A penny equals about one second a day.

The name "Big Ben" comes from Sir Benjamin Hall, who was Chief Lord of Woods and Forests (equivalent to First Commissioner of Works) at the time the clock started. He was a huge man, and the name "Big Ben" for the clock was jokingly suggested by an M.P. during a debate. The name stuck.

Alex Dilke

ANY OLD IRON?

THIS is a story of the sea and an amateur detective. There are only three main ways by which you can handle a ship criminally. You can steal her, you can cast her away, you can sink her. I have told you recently about the theft of a ship. This is the tale of a sunken ship, which wasn't.

When, in December, 1894, a big firm of insurance brokers operating at Lloyd's received a request from a firm of brokers in Paris to insure a shipment of gold for £75,000 between Beyrout and Marseilles, the London firm asked for particulars.

Both these broking firms were of the highest integrity. The story behind the gold shipment as given them sounded like a chapter of Eastern intrigue. It amounted to this. A Frenchman of considerable repute in Asia Minor had amassed a fortune, which he was converting into gold to bring to his native France.

But the snag was that Turkey had placed an embargo on the export of gold and prohibited any from being taken out of the country.

The Frenchman intended to pack the gold into barrels, which he would mark "Old Iron," so that it would pass the Customs, then he would ship it to Jaffa, and from there to Marseilles.

The London firm saw the underwriters and marine insurance companies, and the insurance was effected—at a fairly high rate and with many remarkable clauses. One clause, for instance, stated that the insurance was on "specie—face value—in cases, casks, or barrels, however the contents may be described, with or without Bill of Lading."

The policies were made out and the London firm told that the gold was being shipped from Beyrout in a sailing vessel named the "Mabrouk." She sailed from Beyrout with the specie on board on January

18th, 1895; and that was the last that was seen of her.

Some days later a telegram was posted up in Lloyd's stating that the "Mabrouk" had sunk about six miles out after striking the rocks of Raz Beyrout. All lives had been saved with difficulty.

There certainly seemed no doubt about the loss of the ship; but somebody at Lloyd's asked the question, "Was the gold aboard?"

The underwriters were in a tangle. They were faced with a big loss, but the more they peered into the scanty reports that came through, the more

Stuart Martin describes "What the Crook Forgot"

they asked each other if there wasn't something suspicious about the "Mabrouk."

They decided to send out someone to investigate on the spot, and Mr. Joseph Lowry, an Adjuster of Claims, was chosen. He knew the country.

He went out with a rush, having letters of introduction from the Foreign Office to the British Consul-General at Beyrout and to the Governor of Beyrout. Meanwhile, Lloyd's agent at Marseilles was making inquiries, too.

When Mr. Lowry got to Port Said he received a telegram from his colleague in Marseilles saying that the Frenchman who had insured the gold was of the highest standing, and it would be useless to continue the trip to Beyrout.

There was £75,000 in the balance. Mr. Lowry decided to continue. He got to his destination after a terrible



journey, managed to secure a room in a hotel, locked the door when he went out, and walked to the Consul-General.

There he was told that the Frenchman was of high character and had great power in the land. At the office of the Governor of Beyrout he heard the same thing; the Frenchman was one of the most important men in the city, and the Governor had known him for years and harboured no doubts about the transaction.

That wasn't very encouraging to an amateur Sherlock Holmes, so Mr. Lowry had to go slow, and very, very cautiously.

He discovered at the Customs office that eight cases of "iron" had indeed been shipped on the "Mabrouk." So there was no question about that. Or was there?

Lowry then inquired in other directions about the ship. He found she was old and in poor condition. He asked himself if he, having a fortune of £75,000 in gold, would ship it in a poor old sailing boat. He concluded he wouldn't.

By the time he had made these inquiries the Adjuster of Claims perceived that he was being followed wherever he went.

He made inquiries at banks, and found that the Frenchman, in chartering the "Mabrouk," had deposited in a bank a sum to compensate the owner if she were lost.

Then Lowry went to the harbour and engaged a diver. He went out in the boat, and they threw over grapnels to comb the sea-bed for the "Mabrouk." They didn't find any ship's ribs down there. Mind you, this was at the very spot where the "Mabrouk" was said to have sunk.

Then the diver went down, and when he came up he reported that there was no ship down there.

Lowry next found out that the story of the crew being "saved with difficulty" was bosh. Every man aboard was a good swimmer, and the crew had just dropped into the sea while the Frenchman rowed ashore in a boat. That was the kind of "wreck" it was.

And then, mysteriously, messages came to Lowry, telling him to stop his investigations. The British officials warned him, too, that murder was possible. Lowry slept with a revolver under his pillow.

He was in the habit of walking after dinner every evening down the Raz Beyrout to think things over. One morning the waiter remarked casually that there had been a terrible murder the previous evening.

"What murder?" asked the agent.

"A man was walking down the Raz," said the waiter, "and a gang rushed out of an alley and stabbed him to death, then they escaped."

That gang had been lying in wait for the agent, and had stabbed the wrong man!

The British Consul-General was so alarmed that he advised Lowry to get out of Beyrout, and told him he must not walk out alone after dark. Other warnings came. But Lowry stuck.

Everywhere he went to make inquiries he was met by opposition. A force was working behind the scenes to defeat him, to get him off again to England. Some merchants even threatened him. Lowry kept going ahead. He

found that the banks of Beyrout had not had any gold withdrawn around the dates when the gold was shipped. If that point had been certified he would have concluded his mission. But the facts all pointed the other way.

He set out to find the carter who had taken the barrels of "old iron" to the ship. The police tried to help, and by chance it was discovered that the carter had left Beyrout and was living somewhere near Lebanon. Lowry went there.

He found the carter on the slopes of Lebanon, and here the missing link was picked up.

The carter described how he had taken the boxes of "iron" down to the "Mabrouk." The weight made them difficult to handle, and one of the boxes broke and an iron rod fell out.

"Have you got that rod?" asked Lowry.

The carter produced it. The shipper had forgotten to take the iron rod from the carter or to re-nail up the broken box.

With that rod Lowry rushed back to London. Here was proof that not gold, but iron, had been shipped. For if one case contained iron, the others were sure to contain iron, too.

Carrying his iron rod—which was worth its weight in gold—Lowry came back to Lloyd's.

The Frenchman's claim for the £75,000 had been made, but had been delayed, and a letter was sent to the Paris firm, suggesting that the claimant should come to London and "talk things over." But the Frenchman sent word he regretted he could not come.

Other attempts were made to get him here, but he did not want to come, and always put up an excuse. He may have seen the loom of a prison in his dreams.

But the claim had to be settled one way or another, and at last Lowry suggested that he should write a letter stating boldly that the claim was fraudulent and demanding the return of the policies.

If the policies were not returned, then the entire secret report would be published and circulated.

But there was possible danger in writing such a letter. So Mr. Lowry called on the well-known K.C. who later was the famous Lord Mersey, and between them they drafted a stiff letter that was sent off.

It did the trick. The policies were surrendered. The underwriters kept the £75,000; and their out-of-pocket expenses for the investigation amounted to about £6,000, which was considered very satisfactory.

And Lloyd's people were so happy about the amateur detection of Mr. Lowry that they gave him a handsome presentation to commemorate his work.

There was one sequel worth mentioning. The master of the "Mabrouk," and the crew were all arrested. In prison in Beyrout, they confessed to the plot. The old "Mabrouk" had been disposed of, and the boxes of iron had been well and truly sunk just before the crew swam ashore.

The master made a memorable exclamation when he was told about the bar of iron.

"I forget," he said sadly. "I forget that broken box. I forget that bar. There is always a fly in the shirt which makes the itch. So?"

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

THE BLACK TULIP

By Alexandre
Dumas—Part 20

IN this solemn moment, and whilst the cheers still resounded, a carriage was driving along the road on the outskirts of the green on which the scene occurred; it pursued its way slowly, on account of the flocks of children who were pushed out of the avenue by the crowd of men and women. This carriage, covered with dust, and creaking on its axles,

QUIZ for today

1. An elver is a Scotch shawl, tree, young eel, female squirrel, Irish beggar, cloth measure?
2. Who wrote (a) Tilly of Bloomsbury, (b) Liza of Lambeth?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? January, March, April, May, July, December.
4. What is the difference between a brock and a brocket?
5. About how many Boy Scouts are there in the British Isles?
6. A normal dog's teeth number 24, 34, 44, 54?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Oblivion, Oases, Obtrude, Ocre, Occultation, Octogan, Ointment.
8. What Allied Commander has been a professional footballer?
9. In which constellation would you look for the star Betelgeuse?
10. Will there be two full moons in any month of the present year? If you think so, name the month.
11. What is the population of India in round numbers?
12. What States in the U.S.A. are represented by the official contractions: R.I., Pa., N.H.?

Answers to Quiz in No. 357

1. Fruit.
2. (a) Lancelot Hogben, (b) Walter Shepherd.
3. Jupiter is a planet; others are stars.
4. It was the birthplace of Mahomet.
5. Bezique.
6. John Berry.
7. Jurisdiction, Jugular, Jurisprudence.
8. Tom Walls.
9. No; Gibraltar and Canada keep to the right.
10. Beetle.
11. 4,945.
12. Missouri, Virginia, Vermont.

JANE



"One Last Plea"

the result of a long journey, inclosed the unfortunate Van Baerle, who was quite dazzled and bewildered by this festive splendour and bustle.

Notwithstanding the little readiness which his companion had shown in answering his questions concerning his fate, he ventured once more to ask what all this meant.

"As you may see, sir," replied the officer, "it is a feast."

"Ah, a feast," said Cornelius, in the sad tone of indifference of a man to whom no joy remains in this world.

Then, after some moments' silence, during which the carriage had proceeded a few yards, he asked once more:

"The feast of the patron saint of Haarlem? as I see so many flowers."

"It is indeed a feast in which flowers play a principal part."

"Oh, the sweet scents! Oh, the beautiful colours!" cried Cornelius.

"Stop, that the gentleman may see," said the officer, with that frank kindliness which is peculiar to military men, to the soldier who was acting as postilion.

"Oh, thank you, sir, for your kindness," replied Van

Baerle in a melancholy tone; "the joy of others pains me, please spare me this pang."

"Just as you wish. Drive on! I ordered the driver to stop because I thought it would please you, as you are said to love flowers, and especially that the feast of which is celebrated to-day."

"And what flower is that?"

"The tulip."

"The tulip!" cried Van Baerle. "Is to-day the feast of the tulip?"

"Yes, sir, but as this spectacle displeases you, let us drive on."

The officer was about to give the order to proceed, but Cornelius stopped him, a painful thought having struck him. He asked, with faltering voice:

"Is the prize given to-day, sir?"

"Yes, the prize for the black tulip."

Cornelius's cheek flushed, his whole frame trembled, and the cold sweat stood on his brow.

"Alas! sir," he said, "all these good people will be as unfortunate as myself, for they will not see the solemnity which they have come to witness, or at least they will see it incompletely."

"What is it you mean to say?"

"I mean to say," replied Cornelius, throwing himself back in the carriage, "that the black tulip will not be found, except by one whom I know."

"In this case," said the officer, "the person whom you know has found it, for the thing which the whole of Haarlem is looking at at this moment is neither more nor less than the black tulip."

"The black tulip!" cried Van Baerle, thrusting half his body out of the carriage window. "Where is it? Where is it?"

"Down there, on the throne, don't you see?"

"I do see it."

"Come along, sir," said the officer. "Now we must drive off."

"Oh! have pity, have mercy, sir," said Van Baerle, "don't take me away. Let me look once more. Is what I see down there the black tulip? Quite black? Is it possible? Oh, sir, have you seen it? It must have specks, it must be imperfect, it must only be dyed black! Ah, if I were there! I should see it at once. Let me alight, let me see it close, I beg of you."

"Are you mad, sir? How could I allow such a thing?"

"I implore you."

"But you forget that you are a prisoner."

"It is true I am a prisoner, but I am a man of honour, and I promise you on my word that I will not run away. I will not attempt to escape—only let me see the flower."

"But my orders, sir, my orders." And the officer again made the driver a sign to proceed.

Cornelius stopped him once more

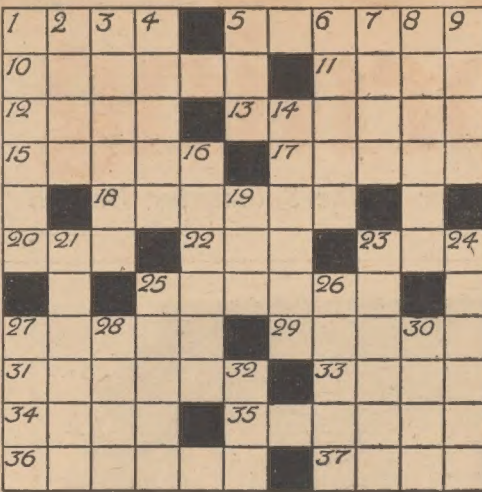
"Oh, be forbearing, be generous; my whole life depends upon your pity. Alas! perhaps it will not be much longer. You don't know, sir, what I suffer. You don't know the struggle going on in my heart and mind; for, after all," Cornelius cried in despair, "if this were my tulip, if it were the one which has been stolen from Rosa! Oh! I must alight, sir! I must see the flower; you may kill me afterwards if you like, but I will see it, I must see it."

"Be quiet, unfortunate man, and come quickly back into the carriage, for here is the escort of His Highness the Stadtholder, and if the Prince observed any disturbance or heard any noise, it would be ruin for me as well as to you."

Van Baerle, more afraid for his companion than himself, threw himself back into the carriage, but he could only keep quiet for half a minute, and the first twenty horsemen had scarcely passed when he again leaned out of the carriage window, gesticulating imploringly towards the Stadtholder at the very moment when he passed.

William, impassible and quiet as usual, was proceeding to the green to fulfil his duty as chairman. He held in his

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS

- 1 Food vessel.
- 5 Size of type.
- 10 Duty.
- 11 Parent.
- 12 Damsel.
- 13 Liquid measure.
- 15 Incursions.
- 17 South African grassland.
- 18 Anti-climax.
- 20 Farm animal.
- 22 Inexperienced.
- 23 Tree.
- 25 Powerful.
- 27 Inlet.
- 29 Fruit.
- 31 Muddled.
- 33 Soft roe.
- 34 Dispatched.
- 35 Unwilling.
- 36 Foolish.
- 37 Observed.

SCORCH CLUB

MAT HEROINE
ANTRIM SODA
SKEIN P NON
HERD HUMS O
A GROPE C
W FEAT TAUT
ALL Y WASTE
VIOL POLITE
EMPOWER DEN
REST ADDERS

CLUES DOWN

- 1 Social rank.
- 2 Showy plant.
- 3 Writer.
- 4 Girl's name.
- 5 Bung.
- 6 Archipelago.
- 7 Factory.
- 8 Eats away.
- 9 Tear.
- 14 Admitted.
- 16 Blow.
- 19 Bowler.
- 21 Gaelic.
- 23 Dress.
- 24 Accelerate.
- 25 Skins.
- 26 Appellations.
- 27 Throw.
- 28 Girl's name.
- 30 Additional.
- 32 Space of time.

hand the roll of parchment which on this festive day had become his baton.

Seeing the man gesticulate with imploring mien, and perhaps also recognising the officer who accompanied him, His Highness ordered his carriage to stop.

In one instant his snorting steeds stood still, at a distance of about six yards from the carriage in which Van Baerle was caged.

"What is this?" the Prince asked the officer, who at the first order of the Stadtholder had jumped out of the carriage and was respectfully approaching him.

"Monseigneur," he cried,

"this is the prisoner of state whom I have fetched from Lœvestein, and whom I have brought to Haarlem according to Your Highness's command."

"What does he want?"

"He entreats for permission to stop here for a moment."

"To see the black tulip, Monseigneur," said Van Baerle, clasping his hands, "and when I have seen it, when I have seen what I desire to know, I am quite ready to die, if die I must; but in dying I shall bless Your Highness's mercy for having allowed me to witness the glorification of my work."

(To be continued)



"IF YOU'RE SO CRAZY ABOUT THE LAD WHY DON'T YOU MARRY HIM?"
"WHAT! HOOK UP WITH A GUY WHO SNORES ALL NIGHT?!"

WANGLING WORDS—304

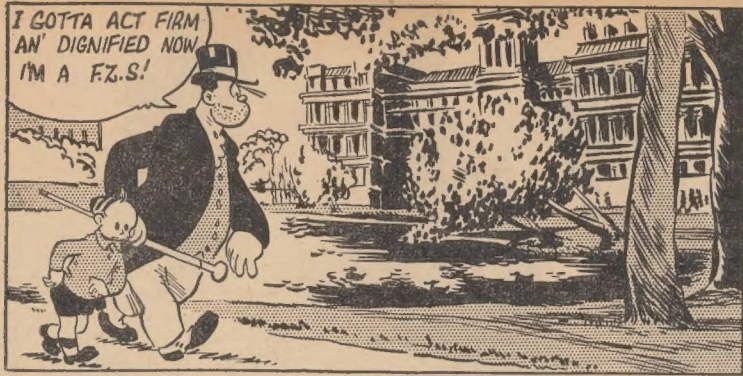
1. Put anger into TDY and make a play of it.
2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters have been shuffled. What is it? Eht eht newh cime yalp liiw 'stac yaaw.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change SHIP into BEAM and then back again into SHIP, without using the same word twice.

4. What is the first name of the man hidden in the following sentence, and what country does he come from? He is not putting that stained wardrobe to proper use. (The required letters will be found together and in the right order in each case.)

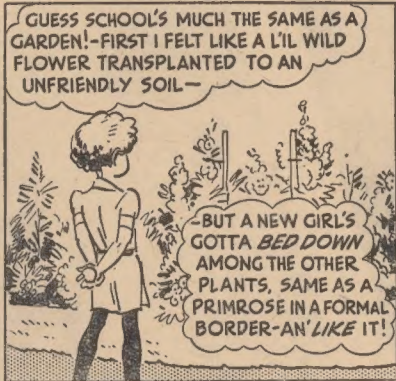
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 303

1. PortenD.
2. Better late than never.
3. BECK, back, bask, ball, CALL, fall, fill, rice, nice, nick, neck.
4. Ch-in-a.

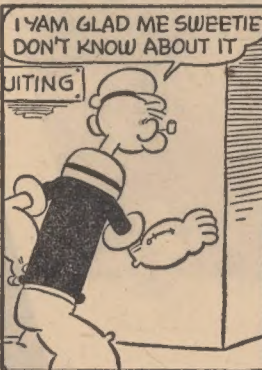
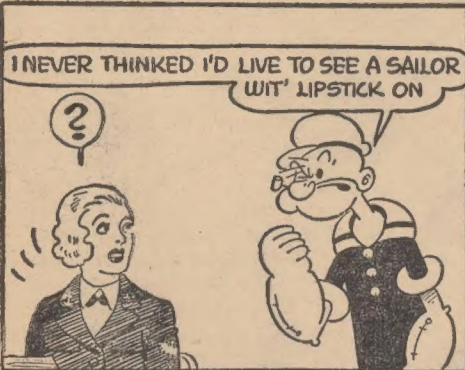
BEELZEBUB JONES



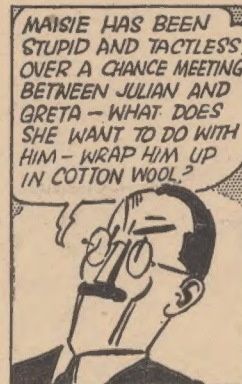
BELINDA



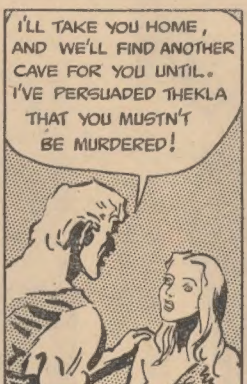
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



I get around-

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN

WHEN you get home on leave, your father might be out at school, now that boarding schools for parents have been approved by the Essex County Council.

They will be called People's Colleges, and will cater for adults who want to continue their education. The colleges will be residential, and the fees will be £2 a week for board and about ten guineas a term for fees.

Subjects taught will be essentially adult - foreign affairs, local government procedure, and cultural matters will be covered.

Ages will range from boys who have just left school to grandfathers of sixty or seventy.

The scheme has to be worked out in detail yet, but the Council hope to take over big houses and convert them into colleges.

Adult colleges would be "the educational advancement of this age," Mr. R. A. Butler, President of the Board of Education, told an audience at Malvern College prize-giving, Harrow.

Good thing, all this, but there's going to be trouble when pa asks sonny to do his homework for him!

MRS. FREDA CORBET is a Justice of the Peace and member of the L.C.C. Ten years ago she drank a gin and orange, and recently told a meeting what it was like.

The meeting, arranged by the Methodist Temperance and Social Welfare Committee, heard Mrs. Corbet say that since her first drink she had seldom touched intoxicants - in fact, only when she had friends round to her Streat-ham home.

This - if you didn't know - is what a gin and orange does:-

"A certain exhilaration comes over you and a 'don't careness,'" she said. "Then all the sweet modesty and coyness of womanhood is overcome in a moment by any man if you are not very careful."

Later she told me that she had known several cases of girls who had had just a little to drink, allowing men to do things which normally they would have refused to permit.

"It is not when a girl is drunk that the danger time comes," Mrs. Corbet said, "but when she has had just a few drinks and can't control her emotions."

"Then men are very difficult to resist. That is the extreme danger of public-house pick-ups."

Mrs. Corbet hopes that counter-attractions to pubs will soon be started in London to reduce the danger of drinking. "Possibly British restaurants will be turned into clubs - with soft drinks only - as a start," she said.

THE knight who went to the rescue of a locked-out Princess wore the uniform of a Sea Scout when I met him. And, as jersey and shorts replaced the armour of old, his lance was a screwdriver.

There was even a "castle" to storm. The knight in shorts had to climb a 10ft. wall to get at the door. When he had opened it he let in the Princess - Princess Elizabeth.

It all happened in the London Scottish drill hall at Buckingham Gate when the Princess visited the Sea Scout exhibition. The key of a ship's "bridge," built at one end of the hall, stuck in the lock. Embarrassed officials could do nothing about it.

Robert Fitch, a Derbyshire lad and one of the guard of honour from the "Discovery," climbed the wall and tried to force the lock with a knife. He failed - but when he was handed a screwdriver he opened the door.

"It seemed the only thing to do," he told me.

WOMEN of the United Nations will be included in delegations to the peace conference, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt said in an article published in a recent "Reader's Digest."

"Throughout the years men have made the wars," she says. "It is only fair to suggest that women can help make a lasting peace."

Mrs. Roosevelt cited the Queen, Mrs. Churchill, Lady Reading, Queen Wilhelmina, Princess Juliana, Madame Molotov and Madame Chiang Kai-Shek as women who would readily think in terms of post-war developments on a world scale.

OVERHEARD in a bus: "If this little island takes in one more American soldier it will sink. . . ."

Could be!

Ron Richards



Ann Rutherford, of 20th Century fame, paddles her own canoe, but not too strenuously.



"Cor, blow me down! You're a fair titch for a full-grown horse, ain't yer?"

"Maybe, Lofty—but I'm worth a straight two thousand quid as a mascot to my circus."



Only 44 inches round the waist? We'll have to increase your rations, son.



"My girth's less, I'll admit, but look at my speed, 'stance."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Speed? Why do you think I'm in the next page?"

